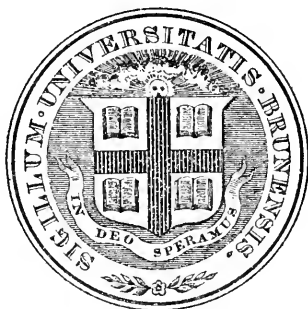


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ARBOR DAY



" SUMMER OR WINTER, DAY OR NIGHT,
THE WOODS ARE AN EVER NEW DELIGHT "

RHODE ISLAND

MAY ELEVENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX

A R B O R D A Y

State of Rhode Island.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

To the Teachers:

Simple loyalty to the public, whom we serve, should prompt you to arrange in the interest of the public's children appropriate exercises for Arbor Day and to provide for its worthy observance in response to law, which is an expression of the public's will. So varied and far-reaching are the purposes and uses of this day and so abundant is the available material for its observance, that it becomes essential to determine definite things to be done, such as planting trees, flowers, or shrubbery on school grounds or elsewhere, and to make a wise selection of the lessons to be taught. Let there be an adaptation to local needs and opportunities.

We owe it to the children to give them a share in the beautiful lessons and useful practices of Arbor Day. True teachers will appreciate its opportunities. The school must not ignore the utility of tree culture and forest preservation in industrial life, nor neglect the means of æsthetic and ethical training in the study of nature. "A man who plants a tree and cares for it has added at least his mite to God's creation." To inspire in children a love of trees, that they may not wantonly injure or destroy, but plant and preserve them, is to give them a training for personal happiness and public weal. The spirit of Arbor Day will animate the care of school homes throughout the year and quicken school citizenship.

"For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave, as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth "

Let older school boys lend assistance in village and roadside improvements whenever opportunities are presented. Many an effort and organization for such betterment have had their beginnings in a school. Often village improvement has started in a movement to beautify school grounds. If a teacher will inspire children with a desire for better things and guide them wisely, through them the coöperation of patrons may be won. In such practice is developed a true social spirit.

Arbor Day should not be a day apart from the life of other days. Teachers will find a source of much interest and instruction in trees famous in history, as the Charter Oak, etc. Profitable studies of trees in literature will attract pupils. Nearly all great poets from Homer to modern writers have had something to say about trees. The subjects of Arbor Day have their place in school studies throughout the year. Geography gives lessons about soils, moisture, fertilizers; the relation of forests to a country's climate and resources; and the value of tree products in industries and commerce. Arithmetic, too, may tell us of the great money value of tree products, which Nature has given us through ages of rain and sunshine. Nature study brings the children closer to their old friends, the trees. School gardens open the hearts of children to beauty and truth, of which the earth is full.

This booklet is sent out with the hope that it will prove helpful to teachers in their important service, and in the hope that through the observance of the coming festival of trees the children of Rhode Island will learn the better to love "the good tree bringing forth good fruit," to "consider the lilies of the field," and to understand the speech that "day unto day uttereth" and the knowledge that "night unto night showeth."

Nathan E. Ranger

Commissioner of Public Schools.

State House, April 10, 1906.



Suggestive Programme

SONG

SCRIPTURE SELECTION

Prayer

SONG

SPRING AND THE TREES

SONG

*SOME CHARACTERISTICS AND
USES OF TREES*

SONG

BIRDS THAT LOVE THE TREES

SONG

ADDRESSES

PLANTING

SONG

SCRIPTURE SELECTION.

Sing, O ye heavens; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.

And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days.

They have made all thy ship-boards of fir trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee.

Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars.

I will plant in the wilderness the cedar . . . I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together.

Thus saith the Lord God, I will also take of the highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it; I will crop off from the top of his young twigs a tender one, and will plant it upon an high mountain and eminent;

In the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it: and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar: and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell.

And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree. . . and have made the dry tree to flourish.

The mountains and the hills shall break forth . . . into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.

For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green.

How does the meadow flower its bloom unfold?

Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and in that freedom bold;

And so the grandeur of the forest tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,

But from its own divine vitality.

—Wadsworth.

SPRING AND THE TREES.

Never yet was a springtime,
 Late though lingered the snow,
 That the sap stirred not at the whisper
 Of the south wind sweet and low;
 Never yet was a springtime
 When the buds forgot to blow.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Maple.

But the maple dons a blush
 Rosier than the rosiest flush
 Which in summer glows and thrills
 All along the sunrise hills,—
 Breaking into sudden bloom,
 As from out his sombre tomb
 Bursts the newborn butterfly
 Gorgeous with his brilliant dye.

—*Elizabeth Akers.*

Like drifts of tardy snow,
 On leafless branches caught,
 The cherry blossoms blow
 That May has brought.

—*Margaret Deland.*

A laggard still, though other trees
 Have donned their vernal liveries,
 The dainty ash at length receives
 Her graceful garniture of leaves.

—*Theo. H. Hill.*

'Tis springtime on the eastern hills!
 Like torrents gush the summer rills;
 Through Winter's moss and dry dead leaves
 The bladed grass revives and lives,
 Rushes the mouldering waste away,
 And glimpses of the April day.
 In kindly shower and sunshine bud
 The branches of the dull gray wood;
 Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
 The blue eye of the violet looks;
 The southwest wind is warmly blowing,
 And odors from the springing grass,
 The pine tree, and the sassafras
 Are with it on its errand going.

—*Whittier.*

The Talking Trees.

Children—(Reciting together.)

We've broken winter's icy chain,
The spring at last is free,
And crystal clear the rivers now
Are flowing to the sea.

A robe of misty green appears
Where erst was gray and brown,
And hark! I hear the sound of feet
Come marching to the town.

From dusty woods where May-flowers start
And early bluebirds sing,
O woodland tress, to us you come!—
What message do you bring?

Trees—(Other children holding branches.)

To give to desert places shade,
There's One who's sent us here;
For Him we leave our forest homes
On Arbor Day each year.

From out the dim, sweet-scented woods,
Where birds and wild flowers dwell,
A long procession we have come,
And now our names we'll tell

Pine—(One child steps forward and displays her branch.)

To tell my name, behold I come,
And stand the first in line,
My green plumes waving in the breeze,
A tall and stately pine.

Willow—(Second child follows.)

A willow, I the next one stand,
Where bank and river meet;
My branches bend to kiss the waves,
That murmur at my feet.

Oak—(Third child ditto.)

I come, a tall and sturdy oak
Whose praises poets sing,
And eager children seek to find
The treasures that I bring.

Elm—(Fourth child.)

I am the elm. On sunny slopes
My graceful form is seen,
Or, like a sentinel, I stand
In meadows fair and green.

Maple—(Fifth child.)

In groves, on hillsides, fields, and plains
My form you'll often see,
Or standing by your happy homes,
A goodly maple tree.

Birch—(Sixth child.)

My home is on the mountain side,
There, like a bird I perch,
And, like a silver column, gleams
My trunk,—I'm the white birch.

Beech—(Seventh child.)

So high, they seem to touch the sky,
My spreading branches reach,
From mossy woods and bosky dells,
I come to you—the beech.

Larch—(Eighth child.)

In mossy swamps and ferny bogs
My form you'll often see;
From there I come to you to-day,
A slender, tall larch tree.

Fir—(Ninth child.)

A stately, balsam fir am I
With healing in my breath;
From mountain and from forest dim
I come to vanquish Death.

All—(Moving together to front of stage.)

We are the first.—Behind us now,
Slow marching tree by tree,
A glad procession now appears,
To join our company.

The ash and aspen, cherry, lime;
The poplar, tall and straight:
Linden and spruce, a score and more,
All close behind us wait.

—Lizzie M. Hadley.

Forward, March!

Spring gives the order, "Forward, march!"

'Tis borne along the eager line;

Breathes through the boughs of rustling
larch,

And murmurs in the pine.

"March!" At the sound, impatient,
springs

The mountain rill, with rippling glee,
And rolling through the valley, brings
Its tribute to the sea.

"March!" Down among the fibrous roots
Of oaks we hear the summons ring;
The long chilled life-blood upward shoots
To hail the coming spring.

On southern slopes, in quiet glades,
And when the brooklets murmuring
run;

The grass unsheathes its tiny blades
To temper in the sun.

The birds in every budding tree
Take up anew the old refrain;
The spring has come; rejoice all ye
Who breathe its air again!

—*Arbor Day Manual.*

Spring.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the
air

Which dwells with all things fair,—

Spring, with her golden suns and silver
rain,

Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine
burns

Its fragrant lamps, and turns

Into a royal court with green festoons

The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree

The blood is all aglee,

And there's a look about the leafless
bowers

As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand

Of winter in the land,

Save where the maple reddens on the
lawn,

Flushed by the season's dawn.

Or where, like those strange semblances
we find

That age to childhood bind,

The elm puts on, as if in nature's scorn,

The brown of autumn corn.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth

The crocus breaking earth;

And near the snowdrop's tender white and
green,

The violet in its screen.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating
by,

And brings, you know not why,

A feeling as when eager crowds await,

Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce
would start,

If from a beech's heart

A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should
say,

"Behold me! I am May!"

—*Henry Timrod.*

Chestnut.

The chestnut pouts its great brown buds impatient for the laggard May.

—*Elizabeth Akers.*

Lanterned with white the chestnut branches wave.—*Elizabeth Akers.*

The chestnut lights her mimic chandeliers.—*Elizabeth Akers.*

Oh! come to the woodlands, 'tis joy to behold

The new waken'd buds in our pathway unfold;

For spring has come forth, and the bland southern breeze

Is telling the tale to the shrub and the trees.

Which, anxious to show her

The duty they owe her,

Have decked themselves gaily in emerald and gold.

—*Arbor Day Manual.*

A Forest Scene.

I know a forest vast and old,
 A shade so rich, so darkly green,
 That morning sends her shaft of gold
 In vain to pierce its leafy screen;
 I know a brake where sleeps the fawn,
 The soft-eyed fawn, through noon's
 repose;
 For noon with all the calm of dawn
 Lies hushed beneath those dewy boughs.

Oh, proudly then the forest kings
 Their banners lift o'er vale and mount;
 And cool and fresh the wild grass springs,
 By lonely path, by sylvan fount;
 There, o'er the fair leaf-laden rill,
 The laurel sheds her cluster'd bloom,
 And throned upon the rock-wreathed hill
 The rowan waves his scarlet plume.

—*Edith May.*

Come to the Forest.

Come to the forest, the bright sun is
 shining,
 And nature is decked in her proudest
 array;
 The green leafy boughs with ivy entwining,
 Bend gracefully o'er the sweet flow'rs
 of May.

Come to the forest, the gay birds are
 singing,
 As upward they soar to the beautiful
 sky;
 And through the fresh air bright insects
 are winging;
 Then come to the forest while summer
 is nigh.

Chorus.

O come to the forest, all nature is gay;
 Come away! Come away! Come away,
 away!
 Come away! Come away! Come away!
 Come away!
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away, away, away, away.

—*Selected.*

SOME CHARACTERISTICS AND USES.

The Oak.

I am the type of strength and steadfastness;
 The man who measureth by me his might,
 Howe'er so fierce may prove the conflict's stress,
 Will ever stand unvanquished in the fight.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

My Favorite Tree.

First Pupil—

"I speak for the elm. It is a noble tree. It has the shape of a Greek vase and such rich foliage running down the trunk to the very roots, as if a vine were wreathed about it."

Second Pupil—

"My favorite is the maple. What a splendid cupola of leaves it builds up into the sky. And in the autumn its crimson is so rich one might call it the blush of the woods!"

Third Pupil—

"The birch is a tree for me. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods! How the moonlight turns it into pearl!"

Fourth Pupil—

"What a tree is the oak! First a tiny needle, rising toward the sun, a wreath of green to endure for ages. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy, he pockets the acorns; as a man, he looks at its towering heights and makes it the emblem of his ambition."

Fifth Pupil—

"The oak may be the king of the lowlands, but the pine is king of the hills. There he lifts his haughty head like a warrior and when he is roused to meet the storm, the battle cry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the greenwood.

All—

Hail to the trees!

Patient and generous, mothers of mankind;
 Arching the hills, the minstrels of the wind,
 Spring's glorious flowers and summer's balmy tents,
 A sharer in man's free and happier sense.
 The trees bless all, and then, brown-mantled, stand,
 The sturdy prophets of a land.

—*Selected.*

What the Trees Teach Us.

First Pupil,

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and
strong
In defense of the right; in defiance of
wrong.

Second Pupil.

I have learned from the Maple, that
beauty, to win
The love of all hearts, must have sweet-
ness within.

Third Pupil.

The Beech, with its branches wide-
spreading and low,
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

Fourth Pupil.

The pine tells of constancy. In its sweet
voice
It whispers of hope till sad mortals
rejoice.

Fifth Pupil.

The nut-bearing trees teach that 'neath
manners gruff
May be found as "sweet kernels" as in
their casket rough.

Sixth Pupil.

The Birch in its wrappings of silvery gray
Shows that beauty needs not to make
gorgeous display.

Seventh Pupil.

The Ash, having fibers tenacious and
strong,
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with
wrong.

Eighth Pupil.

The Aspen tells me with its quivering
 leaves,
 To be gentle to every sad creature that
 grieves.

Ninth Pupil.

The Lombardy Poplars point upward in
 praise,
 My voice to kind heaven they teach me
 to raise.

Tenth Pupil.

The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true,
 Though bowed by rude winds, it still
 rises anew.

Eleventh Pupil.

I am taught generosity, boundless and
 free,
 By the showers of fruit from the dear
 Apple tree.

Twelfth Pupil.

The Cherry tree, blushing with fruit crim-
 son red,
 Tells of God's free abundance that all may
 be fed.

Thirteenth Pupil.

In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the
 sight,
 This truth I discern: It is inwardly white.

Fourteenth Pupil.

The firm-rooted Cedars, like sentries of old,
 Show that virtues deep-rooted may also
 be bold.

—Helen O. Hoyt.

Hiawatha's Sailing.

(BUILDING THE BIRCH CANOE.)

"Give me of your bark, O Birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath the lowest branches,
Just above the roots he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance.
But it whispered, beading downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of Cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

* * * * *

Thus the birch canoe was builded
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

—Longfellow's "*Hiawatha*."

Maple Seeds.

Curious things, with odd-shaped wings,
The sweet May-time to the maple brings:
Over our heads,

On slender threads,
Idly flapping their crimson wings.

Each tiny pair suspended there,
Swaying about in the soft spring air,
Seems to the eye

Longing to try
Its wings abroad in the azure sky.

And as I lie, with half-shut eye,
Watching their feeble efforts to fly,
Other fair things,
Soon to have wings,
Rise unbidden before mine eye

From this life's things, its storms and
stings,
Longing to haste with heavenward wings,
Waiting to die,
Waiting to fly,
Only waiting to use their wings.

Come twilight gray, that clears away
The misty dreams which o'er me stray:
Naught now I see,
Save the maple-tree,
With its winged seeds for ever at play.

—*Selected.*

No tree in all the grove but has its charms
Though each its hue peculiar. —*Cowper.*

Whispers.

Whenever I go up or down
Along the roadway into town,
I hear a busy whispering there
Among the trees high up in air.
It's clear to one who's not a fool
That trees have never been to school;
And if you ask me why I know—
It is because they whisper so!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

Lombardy Poplar.

And stiff and tall along the shoreward
rocks

Lombardy poplars woful sentry stand,
And each with shadow on the greensward
mocks

The spectral pointing of the dial's hand.
—*Arlo Bates.*

The tulip tree uplifts her goblets high.
—*Elizabeth Akers.*

The lady birch and alder trees
Do tell their beads like veiled nuns,
With hanging vines for rosaries.
—*Danske Dandridge.*

The silver poplar's pearl and emerald
sheen
Glimmers incessant, shadowing the eaves.
—*Elizabeth Akers.*

Pine.

The pine is the mother of legends.
—*Lowell.*

BIRDS THAT LOVE THE TREES.

Tulip.

The tulip tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Elm.

Cathedral-like, a leafy dome I raise,
Graceful and green above the grassy ways,
Where, cowed in brown, the choiring thrushes throng,
The monks who fill my ancient aisles with song.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

High on yon poplar, clad in glossiest green,
The orange, black-capped Baltimore is
seen.
The broad, extended boughs still please
him best,
Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his
nest.

—*Wilson.*

The Maple.

From burst of leaf till fall of leaf I braid
For browsing herds deep amplitudes of
shade;
From lowest springing branch to rounded
crest

I am the house the robin loves the best.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

"The blackbirds make the maples ring
With social cheer and jubilee;
The red wing flutes his 'O-ka-lee'!"

—*Emerson.*

The thrush sings from the juniper and the mocking bird from the poplar's peak.
The eagle in the pine top and the partridge under the hazel.

—*Doane Robinson, Pierre, S. D.*

VIOLETS.

Why Spring Was Late.

Poor, deluded violet, white and shy and
 fragrant,
 Lifted up her face before March, that
 rowdy vagrant.
 "Thinks me April!" grumbled March. "I
 will not undo her.
 Since she's come to stay, I'll be gentle to
 her;
 I will make the springtime late, for just
 so much howling
 Must the winds do; and 'twill set human-
 kind to growling."
 But he bade the winds to stay quiet under
 cover,
 And the bluebird called, to sing his sweet
 song above her.
 Asked the soft green grass to start, for her
 guarding pillow,
 And the honey-bee to stray round the
 waking willow.
 And we humanfolk looked on, blindly
 glad, declaring
 Winter past, and steps of spring down the
 wayside faring.
 When the violet withered, March rent his
 bonds asunder,
 Sent the wild winds racing, and snowed
 the hillside under.
 "Thought me April!" grumbled March.
 "How could I undo her?
 Now we make up for the time I was gentle
 to her!"

—Cora A. Matson Dolson.

Contentment.

I'm a little blue violet, I live in the shade;
 Far away in the forest my bower is made;
 There the friendly fern hides me from
 wind and from storm;
 There the creeping vines weave me a
 carpet so warm,
 There the green velvet moss spreads her
 mat at my door;
 And—now, what can a happy blue violet
 ask more?

—Selected.

Calling the Violet.

Why do you shiver so,
 Violet sweet?
 Soft is the meadow grass
 Under your feet.
 Wrapped in your coat of green,
 Violet, why
 Peep from your earth-door,
 So silent and shy?
 Hear the rain whisper,
 "Dear Violet, come!
 How can you keep
 In your underground home?
 Up in the tree tops
 For you the winds sigh.
 Homesick to see you
 Are we—May and I."

—Lucy Larcom.

PLANTING.

RECITATION.

(By planter and his aids, as the tree is being set in the ground.)

A strong, fair shoot from the forest bring,
Gently the roots in the soft earth lay;
God bless with His sunshine, and wind,
and rain
The tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

May it greenly grow for a hundred years,
And our children's children around it
play,
Gather the fruit and rest in the shade
Of the trees we are planting on Arbor
Day.

So may our lives be an upward growth,
In wisdom's soil every rootlet lay;
May every tree bear some precious fruit,
Like the tree we plant on Arbor Day.
—*Arbor Day Manual.*

Set out the elm and the cottonwood and the drouth and the whirlwind shall cease.
The oak for strength, the cedar for suppleness, and the hickory log for the winter's fire.
—*Doane Robinson, Pierre, S. D.*

Trees in the Seasons.

First Child.

I love a tree in spring
When the first green leaves come out;
And the birds build their nests and carol
Their sweet songs round about

Second Child.

I love a tree in summer,
When in the noon-tide heat
The reapers lie in its shadow
On the greensward, cool and sweet

Third Child.

I love a tree in autumn,
When Frost, the painter old,
Has touched with his brush its branches,
And left them all crimson and gold.

Fourth Child.

I love a tree in winter,
Mid snow and ice and cloud,
Waving its long, bare branches,
In the north wind, wailing loud.

All.

Let us plant a tree by the wayside,
Plant it with smiles and with tears,
A shade for some weary wanderer,
A hope for the coming years.

—*Selected.*

TREE PLANTING.

<p>A boy strolled through a dusty road, "What can I do?" said he, "What little errand for the world? "I know—I'll plant a tree." The nursling was taken by mother earth, Who fed it with all things good; Sparkling water from mountain springs, And many a subtle food Drawn from her own wide-reaching veins, From the treasures of the sky. Far spread its branches in affluent grace; So the steady years went by. The boy who planted the little tree, By a kindly purpose led, One desolate, dreadful winter day In the brother-war fell dead.</p>	<p>But the gentle thought at the great elm's root Burst forth with the spring's warm breath, And softly the fluttering foliage sang, "Love cannot suffer death." The elm's vast shadow far and cool Fell o'er the dusty way, Blessing the toilers at their rest, The children at their play, And panting horses felt the air Grow suddenly full of balm; Great oxen with their weary loads Caught there a sudden calm. So little acts of kindness Spread every branch and root, And never guesses he who plants The wonders of the fruit.</p>
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I often think if blessed eyes
 The old home scenes can see,
 That heaven's joy is heightened by
 The planting of the tree.

—*M. F. Butts.*

Forest Flowers.


Our forests are fast disappearing. In their sheltering shade and the rich mould of their annually decaying leaves, the greater number of our loveliest plants are found; and when the axe comes, that cruel weapon that wars upon nature's freshness, and the noble oak, the elm, the beech, the maple, and the tulip tree fall with a loud crash in the peaceful solitude, even the very birds can understand that a floral death knell sounds through the melodious wilderness.

A number of our choicest plants are threatened with extinction; for as the woods are cleared away these tender offsprings, the pretty flowers which we so dearly cherish, will perish utterly. It is, therefore, well to prevent as far as possible the destruction of our native forests, as well as to plant forest trees if for no other purpose than the preservation of the little helpless, blooming beauties that adorn our woodland shades.

—*Gustavus Frankenstein.*

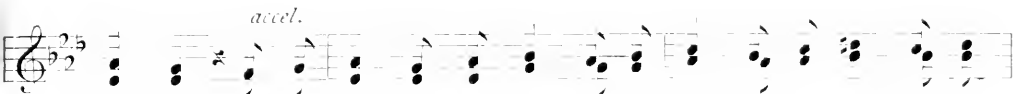
SONGS.

SONG OF THE TREES.




1. Where the lit tle leaves are call - ing. Where the sum mer sun light's
 2. In the jol - ly mist - y wea ther. When it rains and shines to -
 3. Might y oaks so strong and ten - der. Ba by birch es young and

accel.

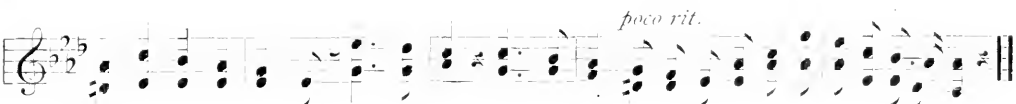


fall - ing. O we'll fly you and I. Laugh and fly, you and I. To the
 geth - er. Wil - lows tell all is well; Wil - lows know, south winds blow, Wav - ing
 slen - der. Speak to me cheer - i - ly; Whis - per low, as I go. Se - crets



woods so green - ly grow - ing. Sun and sha - dow gai - ly show - ing. And we'll
 wil - lows green and sway - ing; Where the A - pril winds are play - ing. Wav - ing
 of the elm so state - ly. Sing - ing pines that stir se - date - ly. Sil - v'ry

poco rit.



learn all they are know - ing, Tree - tops high, 'gainst the sky, Wave and beckon us to find them, you and I.
 wil - low leaves are say - ing: "Look, my dear, Spring is here! 'Tis the merry, merry birth - time of the year."
 maples stand - ing straightly; These, you know, Love me so, That I learned to love them truly long ago

From "The Silver Song Series," No. 12

Arbor Day Song.

Air: "My Bonnie."

The breezes of spring wave the tree-tops, ~
 The flowers so sweet bloom again,
 O, joyfully birds sing of springtime.
 While flying o'er mountain and glen.

O, glorious country of freedom!
 Our lives we will make pure and sweet;
 Thou givest to us this bright springtime
 With hearts full of love we now greet.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Sing here, sing there,
 Sing of the springtime to-day, to-day,
 Sing here, sing there,
 Sing of the springtime to-day.

Then shout for the oak in the Northland,
 And answer, O South, with the palm,
 And we who inherit this Union
 Sing gaily our dear nation's psalm.

—Selected.

TREE SONG.

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

Allegro.

1. The trees are wav - ing to and fro, So are we, so are we, Be -
 2. The trees are point - ing to the sky, So are we, so are we, They
 3. They keep their place by each firm root, So will we, so will we, Keep

neath the wild wind bend - ing low, So do we, as you see. Oh,
 hold their grace - ful heads up high, So will we, as you see. Oh,
 place with firm - ly plant - ed foot, As you see, as you see. Oh,

may we grow like hap - py trees, In shad - ow or in sun, To

*cres.**ff*

bless the world, to help, and please, Till our life - work is done.

THE TREE'S FRIENDS.

1. "Oh, the tree loves me," sang the ti - ny flow'r, "For he shades me all the day,
 2. "Oh, the tree loves me," sang the hap - py bird, "My nest on his might - y arm
 3. "Oh, the tree loves me," sang the lit - tle child, "For he gives me blos - soms sweet,

From the sun's fierce heat or the pelt - ing rain, And con - tent at his feet I stay."
 Is fast - ened safe, and my ba - bies rock in their cra - dle safe from harm."
 Then the sun shines warm on his la - den boughs Till the ripe fruit drops at my feet."

From "Songs of the Child World."

PUSSY WILLOW.

T. B. WEAVER.

1. Pus - sy wil - low, pus - sy wil - low, Soft as an - y down - y
 2. Pus - sy wil - low, pus - sy wil - low, Soft as an - y down - y
 3. Pus - sy wil - low, pus - sy wil - low, Soft as au - y down - y

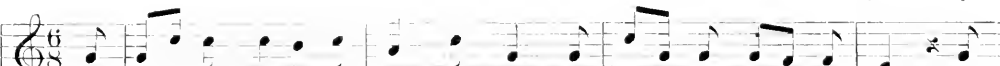
pil - low, Sleep - ing all the win - ter long; Cease your
 pil - low, Stand - ing by the lit - tle stream; Win - ter's
 pil - low, Don't you love the chil - dren dear? Hear their

sleep - ing, Spring is peep - ing, Don't you hear the rob - in's song?
 dy - ing, winds are sigh - ing, Wake and tell us all your dream.
 laugh - ter, they are af - ter Pus - sy wil - lows far and near.

From "Primary Plans."

SONG OF THE WOODS.

German Air.



1. Oh, could I in the green-wood be, Thro' all the sum-mer time, What
 2. The birds, a - wak - ened from their sleep, Are soar - ing high and free; The
 3. Young birds from ev - 'ry twig and bough, En - chant - ed with their home, Are

pleas - ure would they give to me, Those trees in all their prime!
 deer and roe with danc - ing step Are spring - ing mer - ri - ly.
 sing - ing loud and sing - ing low, "Come, seek the green-wood, come!"

From "Educational Music Course — Primary Songs."

THE VIOLET.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

CARL WILHELM.

Allegro.


1. When May her ver - dant car - pet spreads O'er all the north - ern land, A
 2. The rose may flaunt her roy - al red, The lil - y stand in pride; The

myr - iad blos - soms lift their heads And smile on ev - 'ry hand; — Then thro' the mea - dow
 vio - let hides her pret - ty head, Nor wish - es to be spied; And yet her fragrance

by the brook The vio - lets crowd each sun - ny nook And mod - est - ly and
 thrills the air, Her beau - ty is so sweet and rare That ev - 'ry mod - est
 And mod - est - ly
 That ev - 'ry

sweet ly Their love ly blue eyes look, Their love - ly blue eyes look.
 maid en Her love - li - ness would share, Her love - li - ness would share.
 ly, and sweet - ly
 mod - est maid - en

From "The Modern Music Series," Second Book.

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